

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

### THE INEXORABLE RESOLUTION.

HENRY ST. CLAIR was the only son of a gentleman of respectable family, and considerable estate, which, however, a taste for virtù, and a course of thoughtless extravagance, in other respects, had greatly encumbered. It was a fortunate circumstance for his son, that the estate, being entailed, could not be wholly dissipated; and recourse, in the mean time, was had to the usual remedy, an excursion to the south of France. Mr. St. Clair was accompanied by his wife, his son, and his daughter Arabella. They settled at Montpellier; and as the creditors had agreed to make him an annual allowance, which might be considered as ample in a country where provisions were so much cheaper, he was enabled to send his son to an academy at Turin, and to procure the best masters to finish the education of his daughter.

By degrees they formed an acquaintance with the principal families in the city; and among those with whom they soon became more particularly intimate, were the count and countess de Salenciere. The taste and manners of the count were such, as could not fail, in many respects, to conciliate the regard of Mr. St. Clair. The countess was an amiable woman, with an understanding naturally good, though little cultivated. Cheerful in her disposition, and fond of pleasure, she had an imagination fertile in the resources to procure it. Mrs. St. Clair, who had been hitherto distinguished by the appellation of *la triste Anglaise*, the melancholy English lady, ceased to be so after she had been some time in the society of madam de Salenciere. 'You English,' said the latter 'add not a little to the real evils of life, by affecting a contempt for those trifles that amuse a French lady, and still more by that abominable trick of *thinking*. When I was young, I entered with spirit into every scheme that promised amusement. My age and my health oblige me now to be content with promoting that of others; and I assure you, that when I see a party of young people, all innocently gay and happy, I feel myself again in my summer. If any thing goes wrong, I never sit down to reflect upon it; for ten to one my meditations will only make it appear worse. My only care is to avoid self-reproach; and time and patience will mitigate all evils that do not originate in ourselves.'—Mrs. St. Clair did not examine whether this mode of reasoning was just: she contented herself with adopting her style of life; and she soon found, that a determination to be satisfied with our situation, will go a great way toward making us so in reality. Madame de Salenciere had a niece, who appeared to be giddy and thoughtless, and with much good humour, to possess little feeling. To Arabella, however, who was kept at rather an awful distance by her mother, and who was not permitted to enjoy the endearing felicity of filial confidence and friendship, Paulina de Monteul,

(for that was the name of this young lady) proved for some time, to be a very agreeable companion.

The count and countess de Salenciere had likewise an only son, who was two years older than Henry St. Clair, and, like him, had received his education at Turin. A similarity of disposition soon united them in the strictest ties of friendship. They were inseparable companions, not only at the academy, but also when they came to pass the vacation at Montpellier. The least offence offered to the one was sure to be resented by the other; and for the kindnesses that either received were both inexpressibly grateful. Their parents beheld their intimacy with pleasure, and encouraged it.

Henry St. Clair was naturally of a grave and contemplative turn. Louis de Salenciere was distinguished by uncommon vivacity. Both were equally generous; and both were endued with the noblest principles of honour.—When they left the academy, Mr. St. Clair determined that his son should make the tour of Italy. His sister, Arabella, was not the only one that was sensible of the loss which would be sustained by his absence: Paulina de Monteul, in particular, seemed to feel his approaching departure. He had not distinguished her as she wished, although her eyes had frequently reproached him for his cruelty. From his sister he did not conceal the disgust which her behaviour excited; and he lamented that she was destined to be the wife of his friend. Happy would Henry have been, had Louis been permitted to accompany him to Italy; but the count de Salenciere thought it time to celebrate the nuptials of the latter with Paulina. Perhaps he had perceived her partiality for Henry: she had taken little pains to conceal it: but, whatever were his thoughts, the count refused to let his son accompany Henry, shortly after whose departure the young people were married.

Henry was absent about a year. At his return, not one was happier to see him than Louis de Salenciere. The young countess Louis (as she was now called) received him very coldly: she had not forgotten how ineffectually she had attempted to gain his heart. He constantly treated her with that respect which was due to his friend's wife; but he avoided all opportunities of cultivating any intimacy with her.

Henry, it was observed, was now become more than grave; he was melancholy: his mind seemed to be deeply disturbed; but the cause of it was a mystery. He seemed to enjoy no other amusement than that of taking a morning ride with his friend; and several months passed away without any material change in his behaviour. At this time, the health of his sister seemed to be visibly impaired: the physicians were apprehensive of a decline; and she was advised to ride out every day. She perceived, however, that, although tenderly beloved by Henry, he did not wish her to accompany him in his rides; and on no other condition would her mother consent to her venturing on horseback. Louis de Salenciere was gone, with his wife, to visit some relations; so that a servant only attended them; when, one evening, as Henry and his sister were conversing together in the garden, 'I

think, my dear Arabella,' said he, 'that you have sufficient discretion to be intrusted with a secret: I do not ask you to promise not to betray me, because I am sure you are incapable of it; but as one unguarded word might ruin me, I must tell you, that the happiness of my life depends upon its never transpiring. At present, I see my mother coming; but be ready to attend me to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, and you shall know all.'

It may be imagined how impatient Arabella was for the next day. The natural curiosity of youth, as well as the warmest affection for her brother, was predominant. She was ready in the morning before six, looked at her watch every five minutes, and thought her brother would never arrive. At length, he came: they mounted their horses; and, the moment they left the door, Arabella assured her brother, that she was highly flattered by this proof of his regard, and that she never would reveal what he had promised to communicate to her. Henry answered, that he was convinced she might safely be trusted; 'but,' added he, 'ask me no questions; I choose to have the pleasure of surprising you.' After riding about a league, they came to a wide open country. One group of trees alone broke the sameness of the view. The spire of a church, and some openings in the wood, discovered a village to be there embosomed. Henry soon stopped before a tall hedge, and hastened to alight. Arabella did not wait for his assistance, but jumping instantly from her horse, took hold of his arm, and was led by him through a little wicket-gate to a neat cottage, shaded by some lofty trees. He rang at the door, which was opened by a decent looking woman, who expressed great joy at seeing him, and said she would run, and tell her lady of his arrival. Henry soon handed his sister into a small parlour, where an elderly lady waited to receive them. She appeared weak and emaciated, and, as she attempted to rise, was supported by a very beautiful girl. Henry chid her tenderly for this exertion. He then presented his sister to her and the young lady, who each embraced her, with many expressions of kindness. 'Your brother, mademoiselle,' said madame de Preulet (for that was her name), 'is our guardian angel: we owe him more than'—Henry entreated her not to exhaust her spirits in praising him; but she would not be silenced: 'Let me speak, St. Clair,' said she, 'I am rather better to-day, and must tell your amiable sister the obligations we owe to you. Did you not relieve us from the most wretched poverty? Are we not indebted to you for more than life, for the preservation of Theresa's honour? Do we not daily experience from you, in this comfortable asylum, the kindest and most delicate attentions?' The eyes of madame de Preulet were suffused with tears; and the young lady exclaimed with equal emotion, 'He may refuse to hear the praises to which he is entitled; but he cannot control our thoughts; and Heaven only knows,' raising her fine blue eyes, 'how my heart overflows with gratitude.' Henry interrupted the subject, by inquiring whether madame de Preulet had seen her physician the preceding day, and what he had said. 'He

is very encouraging,' she answered, with a faint smile, 'and talked more like a friend than a physician.'—Arabella now addressed the ladies with all the tenderness which such a scene must inspire, and wished it were in her power to do them any service. 'You can do us a very essential one,' said mademoiselle de Preulet, 'by often honouring us with your company.'—Henry desired her to favour them with a sonata on the harp, and she gracefully complied. Her mother proposed that he should accompany her on the violin; and, while they were forming a charming little concert, madame de Preulet, finding that Arabella was unacquainted with her history, desired her to assist her into the next room, where she would relate it, if agreeable. Arabella conducted her thither: the door was left open, that they might hear the music, but not so as to interrupt the narration, which the venerable lady thus began:

I am descended from a noble family, which could not, however, boast of affluence. My parents, unlike the generality, were less intent upon the aggrandizement of my fortune, than upon that felicity in the married state, which, they were sensible, mere fortune could not give. Some of the most splendid offers were refused, and they gave my hand, where, I confess, I had long given my heart. A happier pair never existed than the baron de Preulet and myself. We were not rich; but we loved each other, and had a handsome competency.

Nothing was wanting to complete our felicity but a child, and we had been married ten years without one, when Theresa was born. Our joy was excessive; but it was considerably damped by the loss I sustained of both my parents, whom a malignant fever carried off. The affectionate attentions of my husband, and those which I devoted to my dear little Theresa, insensibly dried up my tears. We had hitherto resided with my father; but, after his death, we retired to a small house in the country; and, while the baron was employed in embellishing the garden and grounds belonging to our cheerful habitation, my hours were not less delightfully engaged in unfolding my daughter's mind.

Theresa reached her fifteenth year, endued with all the charms of youth and beauty: her mind like those trees that bear fruit when only flowers are expected. The baron had early sown in her heart the seeds of piety and virtue, and they had fallen on a happy soil. The reading of the best poets, and of the most instructive historians, had adorned her mind, and given her an elegance of expression uncommon at her years. We were surprised at the strength and excellence of her understanding, and delighted with the liveliness of her imagination. While we were thus beginning to reap the fruits of our assiduous care, the baron, the dear baron, was taken from us: he was forced to tear himself from our embraces, to repair to the army. How can I tell you what I suffered at his departure! How describe the agonies that followed!

Imagine, mademoiselle, (continued madame de Preulet, the tears streaming down her cheeks) imagine what happened! I lost the most amiable of men: a cannon shot stopped him in the career of



glory, and left me the most wretched of widows. No expression can describe what I suffered at the dreadful news! But, alas! our woes were not to terminate here. The chevalier de Preulet, the poor baron's brother, as he left no male heir, took possession of the small estate he had enjoyed, and seized upon all my personal fortune, upon pretence of a flaw, which, he said, he had discovered in my marriage settlement. This excess of cruelty roused me from the stupefaction into which my grief had thrown me: I hastened to Aix with my daughter, consulted my friends, and commenced a law-suit against the chevalier. My lawyers gave me the most flattering encouragement, assuring me I should certainly gain my cause. It was, at last, brought to a trial, and decided against me. Determined not to submit to this iniquitous decree, I would have appealed to a superior tribunal; but my money was all exhausted, my friends deserted me, and I was left without resource.

To complete my misery, the agitation of my mind flung me into a violent fever, and, for several days, I was delirious. The first object I knew was my poor Theresa, who, pale as death, was watching me with the most tender solicitude. "Ah! my beloved mother," she exclaimed, "do you again know me? Blessed be God!"—I stretched out my arms towards her: she embraced me, and we mingled our tears together. I found that she had never stirred from my bed-side; and that she had been my only nurse. She continued to be so, in spite of my commands to her to procure some other. Night and day that dear child sat up with me, and assumed a cheerfulness to which her heart was a stranger. Her youth and excellent constitution supported her for some time; but, at last, she appeared quite worn out; and, just as I began to have strength to crawl about the room, she grew so ill, as to be unable to leave her bed. In this deplorable situation, I endeavoured to strengthen my mind, by remembering that we were in the hands of a gracious God, who would not inflict upon us more than he would enable us to bear; and yet there were moments when, reflecting on our destitute condition, and the misery that had befallen us, I could scarcely forbear from arraigning the justice of Providence.

I had the misery to see Theresa suffer, without being able to afford her the least relief. I fell into a kind of lethargy, from which I was drawn by the entrance of the mistress of the house, who desired me to pay immediately the arrears of rent. This was absolutely out of my power; for my long illness had totally drained my purse. My obdurate landlady, however, threatened to turn us into the street. I was compelled, therefore, to leave Theresa, in order to try the benevolence of my friends. Some, whom I had long known, would not be at home; others, on frivolous pretences, excused themselves from assisting me. What could I do? I wandered out of the town, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, when I found myself on the brink of a pond. I stopped: the idea of delivering myself from intolerable existence rushed on my imagination: despair engrossed every faculty of my soul: I forgot my daughter: I forgot my God. I plunged into the water; but I was not permitted to perish: I was extricated from my watery grave; and, when suspended animation was at last restored, I found two or three persons about me. Among these was an elderly gentleman, an old acquaintance of my late husband.

Providence, sir, (said I) has undoubtedly sent you to my relief: you have prevented the commission of a guilty act, which despair alone suggested: it is in your power to save not only my life, but that of my daughter, who is perishing for want. The count de Marignon seemed affected: I am very happy, madam,

(said he) that I have been the means of saving such a valuable life. The fineness of the morning induced me to alight from my carriage, with my friend, the abbé. We were at some distance from you, when we saw your desperate action, and, catching hold of your clothes, prevented you from sinking. Let us conduct you home, and consider what farther service we can do you.—I gratefully acknowledged this goodness, and returned thanks to the abbé, who resigned to me his place in the carriage. I knew the count was a man of large fortune, and that he lived at Marseilles. When we reached my apartment, he slipped a purse into my hand, desiring leave to wait upon me next day.

I concealed from Theresa the mad action I had committed, and only told her, that Providence had pitied our distress, and sent a friend of her father's to our relief. The dear child was now somewhat better, and participated in my joy. I hastened to pay my landlady, and to procure some comfortable food, that greatly restored us both. When our benefactor came the next day I presented Theresa to him: he was charmed with her. He entered into all the particulars of our situation, advised us to continue our law-suit against the chevalier, and offered to support us with his credit and his purse. He invited us to his house at Marseilles. An old man, like me, (said he, smiling) may be indulged in your and your daughter's company. Come, then, to my house: I will be a brother to you, and a father to your Theresa.

This offer was too advantageous to be refused. The count took us to Marseilles, gave us handsome apartments in his house, and behaved with a generosity that could not but make a deep impression upon us. But, notwithstanding the advanced age of the count, I began, at length, to be apprehensive, that his attentions to Theresa were less those of the adopting father, than of the lover; and I saw, with regret, that we must soon quit the asylum in which we had been so happy. Till I could determine, however, what measures to pursue, I contented myself with letting the count see, by my manner, that I had discovered his weakness, and disapproved of it. One evening, as we took our wonted evening walk on the sea-shore, to which his garden opened, the count was particularly entertaining, and the time passed insensibly away. Perceiving, however, that it grew late, I intimated a wish to go home. He disregarded this for some time; but, at last, finding me impatient, he consented. We had scarce proceeded a few steps, when four men suddenly jumped out of a boat, and seized me: they thrust a handkerchief into my mouth, and hastened with me to the boat.

When I recovered from my first terror, I found too much reason to suspect, that the count had been privy to this outrage; and my apprehensions for Theresa were insupportable. My hands were tied, and the boat instantly put to sea. When the ruffians had proceeded a considerable distance from the shore, they began to rest upon their oars. They produced a cask of liquor, and emptied it among them. Three of them soon fell asleep, while the fourth remained at the rudder. I endeavoured, by the most expressive looks, to excite this man's compassion: he hesitated for a long time: at last, he untied my hands. I instantly gave him my watch, and pointed to the city, which, by moonlight, was still visible. He shook his head. I then produced my purse. He took it, and rowed gently to the shore. We soon reached it: he cautiously lifted me out of the boat, and put out again to sea.

In this lonely and deplorable situation, I walked on till I came to a row of houses. I rang at the first house in which I perceived a light. The door was opened by an elderly woman; but my disordered

appearance undoubtedly prejudiced her against me; for she was going hastily to shut it, when catching hold of her arm, I conjured her to hear me, and not expose me to the horror of passing the night in the street. I imagine she was naturally compassionate; for, after some hesitation, she said, you may possibly deceive me; but I cannot refuse your request. She then took me into the house, and assisted me to lie down upon a bed; but, although she tenderly soothed me, I could not refrain from giving way to the grief that oppressed me; and, from the next room, I thought I heard groan for groan, and sob for sob. I was convinced that some person was there not less wretched than myself. I inquired of my kind hostess who the person was. "I know not," answered she: "a young Englishman, that lodges here, rode out yesterday evening, with his servant; and, soon after it was dark, they returned, bringing with them a handsome young lady, whom, the gentleman told me, he had rescued from a ruffian. Then recommending her to my care, he hastened to shelter himself in a convent; for he had wounded the villain that was carrying off the lady."

"Gracious heaven! Can it be?" cried I, with a wildness that startled the poor woman; "it is certainly Theresa;" and, forgetting my weakness, I flew into the next room. "It is, it is," cried I, and we sunk into each other's arms. Our kind friend would not allow us to speak till we were somewhat composed, when Theresa confirmed her narration, and added, that as soon as the ruffians had seized me, she had caught hold of the count, when, to her great terror, he clasped her in his arms, and declared he would kill her if she made any noise. She struggled to get loose. "Submit quietly," said he, "and you shall suffer no harm. Your mother is taken care of, and shall be used well; but she shall not prevent our happiness." Theresa, in spite of his threats, made the shore resound with her screams. At that instant, a gentleman on horseback rode up, and alighting, sternly demanded why that young lady was thus treated. The count drew his sword, and rushed upon the gentleman, who drew his, and ran him through. With the assistance of his servant, he conveyed Theresa to his own lodgings, and sending for a surgeon to attend the count, he departed.

The next morning, our deliverer came to us in the disguise of a friar. Imagine our grateful emotions. He told us, he had reason to think the count's life in danger, and should, therefore, go immediately to Genoa. But he entreated us to continue in his lodgings, and affectionately bade us farewell. Our situation, without money and friends, in a strange city, now occupied our thoughts.—"Providence," said Theresa, "which has so wonderfully protected us, will never desert us. Our health is restored, and I will endeavour to procure our subsistence by my needle."—We informed our landlady, madame Boisson, of our plan, and requested her to procure employment. She endeavoured to dissuade us from this, as derogatory to us, assuring us too, that the English gentleman had left with her money sufficient to defray our expenses till his return.—Theresa would not consent to take advantage of this generosity. "Industry," said she, "can never degrade me: I beg, therefore, that you will keep the chevalier's bounty untouched till his return."

Thus, madam, we became acquainted with your noble brother, who has been ever since our friend. Theresa was indefatigable. I assisted her as well as I could; whatever we finished, we gave to madame Boisson to dispose of; and we were soon surprised at the money it produced. We heard that the count was out of danger; that he pretended he had been wounded by some villains, who had carried off his dear friends, madame de

Preulet and her daughter, and that he had nearly lost his life in their defence.

Your brother returned from Italy. I told him that we were not ignorant of his goodness to us, although he had forbidden our landlady to mention it. He seemed hurt at my refusal, but hastily dropped the subject. Madame Boisson, when he left us, presented me with a purse, entreating me to excuse an innocent deceit. "This," said she, "is what your work really produced: what you have hitherto received, has been remitted by Mr. St. Clair, and you will mortify him much if you insist upon repaying him."—Your brother made us another visit, and his behaviour was so delicate, that I consented to keep the purse. I now began to prepare for our removal. This greatly chagrined our noble friend, who one day desired to speak to me alone. He represented that, unprotected as we were, we might again experience some cruel vicissitude; that my daughter's beauty would expose her to dangers at which he shuddered; and that what we could obtain by our industry could be only a scanty pittance. He then proposed that we should reside in this delightful spot, which belonged to a particular friend of his. "I confess," he added, "that I am interested in your compliance. I love, I adore your Theresa; but I have never hinted this to her, as I wished to gain your approbation first, and to communicate to you the particulars of my situation and prospects."—Your brother then gave me an account of his family, and acknowledged he had no hopes of his parent's consent. My principles would not permit me to draw a young man from his filial duty; nor could I suffer my daughter to enter clandestinely into a family. I therefore entreated him to think no more of it; assuring him, however, that were I in happier circumstances, I would prefer him for my son to the greatest duke in France. Mr. St. Clair, notwithstanding, incessantly importuned me to come here; and as my declining health rendered country air so necessary, I at last accepted his generous offer, upon condition that he would only visit us occasionally as a friend, and allow Theresa to continue her exertions for our support. He has behaved ever since, with such delicacy, that we perfectly idolize him. He has introduced to us his friend count Louis de Salenciere, who is the owner of this house. But amid the tranquillity I here enjoy, a secret languor preys upon me. I perceive my end approaching. For myself this would be a consolatory thought! But my daughter, madam,—her orphan state fills me with the most cruel apprehensions. To secure to her a friend of her own sex, I eagerly embraced your brother's offer to bring you here. I wish to place her in a convent, as her only asylum after my decease. Perhaps, madam, you will sometimes visit her: the friendship of St. Clair's sister would be balm to her heart.

Here madame de Preulet ended, and received from Arabella the most soothing assurances. Her brother and Theresa joined them; and, soon after, St. Clair and his sister took leave. The presentiment of madame de Preulet was but too well founded. Indisposition prevented Arabella from accompanying her brother the next day. He went alone. Josephina, the maid, ran out at his approach, and, wringing her hands, said her lady was speechless. Henry hastened to her apartment. At his approach, she fixed her eyes with a heavenly benignity upon him: she eagerly grasped his hand, and taking Theresa's, who was weeping over her, pressed them together, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, seemed to implore a blessing on them; then fetched a deep sigh, and expired. Theresa was carried fainting out of the room. Henry did not leave her till the first violence of her grief was over. The



same evening, Louis de Salenciere conducted her to a convent.

Madame de Preulet had been dead some months, when the elder Mr. St. Clair was preparing to return to England with his family, as, in a fortnight, his son would be of age, and would be enabled to cut off the entail of the estate. Henry was distracted at the thought of a separation from Theresa. 'She must be mine,' said he, 'I cannot exist without her. We must keep our marriage secret till better days arrive.' All the objections which Madame de Preulet had urged against a secret marriage, had very powerful weight with Theresa. When she found, however, that Henry was to leave Montpellier in two days, her tenderness prevailed over every consideration, and she yielded to his reiterated entreaties.

The ceremony was performed with great privacy. Theresa was attended by Josephina, and Louis de Salenciere gave her away. He had removed her the day before from the convent, to the sweet cottage which Henry had at first provided for her mother and herself. Exquisite was the joy of Henry, to be possessed of such a treasure; but it was embittered by the consideration that he must soon tear himself from her. His only consolation was, that he should not leave her unprotected, for he entrusted her to the friendship and honour of Louis de Salenciere, in whom he had unbounded confidence.

A parting scene, like that between Henry and his charming bride, cannot easily be described. When the family arrived in England, measures were immediately taken by Mr. St. Clair to cut off the entail, in order to come to a proper settlement with his creditors. The filial piety of Henry induced him to acquiesce in all the measures proposed by his father; but he was anxious, at the same time, to have a proper settlement made upon Theresa, without disclosing the secret of the marriage. Difficulties occurred which he had not foreseen, and his anxiety was soon visible in a dejection, that greatly alarmed all his friends.

For several weeks after his arrival in London, Henry had received letters by every mail from Theresa and Louis de Salenciere. They were every thing his heart could wish. The former continued to write punctually, and in the same affectionate style; but she seemed more unhappy than ever. The latter soon grew less regular. His letters were full of futile apologies and broken sentences, but with scarcely any mention of Theresa; who, on the contrary, spoke of him as the best of friends, and said that he alone prevented her spirits from being quite subdued by the pangs of absence.

In vain was Henry convinced that his friend was honourable: his correspondence, so replete with mystery, awakened suspicion. He considered that his friend had strong passions; that Theresa was charming, and although he were incapable of harbouring a thought of injuring him, who could say that, having frequent opportunities of beholding such a lovely creature, he could be able to see her with indifference? But Henry had received, moreover, some anonymous letters, informing him that he was betrayed by those he most loved. Distracted, therefore, by contending passions, he privately left his father's house, and hastened to the continent.

It is now proper to notice what had passed in France, after the departure of Mr. St. Clair and his family. Theresa, with her faithful Josephina, spent her days and nights in lamenting her husband's absence. Louis de Salenciere was her only visitor. The moment the mail arrived, he had the attention to wait upon her: in a word, he did all in his power to render her happy.

Several weeks had thus passed, when she observed, that he made his visits un-

usually short, and that he seemed much dejected. As she had heard from Henry an unamiable character of Paulina, she imagined some domestic chagrin disturbed him; and though she forbore, from discretion, to inquire what it was, she endeavoured to return the kindness he had shown to her, by soothing his grief. Her exertions were not unsuccessful: for a time, he would appear cheerful, entreat her to play on the harp, and listen with delight while she sang. Then, all at once, he would rush out of the room, and not come near her for several days. This extraordinary change gave great uneasiness to Theresa; she communicated it to Josephina, who was of opinion, that count Louis's behaviour indicated approaching madness. Theresa, therefore, resolved for the future never to see him alone; but as it would be cruel to alarm Henry with a suspicion, that, after all, might not be well-founded, she never let it transpire.

Such was the situation of things when Henry arrived at Montpellier. He went immediately to his friend's house: he was not at home; but the countess Louis received him with unwonted cordiality. 'I am rejoiced,' said she, 'to see you here; I have business to communicate. Within these few weeks, an alarming change has appeared in the count's behaviour. His looks are terrifying; he appears, at times, quite distracted. He often talks incoherently in his sleep; but last night he caught hold of me, and I heard him distinctly say, 'Ah! Theresa! lovely Theresa!' and then he burst into tears. What am I to infer from this? Has some fatal passion got possession of his heart? Or is all this the effect of a disordered brain? Tell me, I conjure you, is there such a person as Theresa?'

Henry had hitherto sat motionless, now starting up, and clapping his hand to his forehead, rushed out of the room, and scarcely knowing what he did, threw him himself into a hackney coach, and ordered the man to drive to the village where Theresa lived. Just as he entered the village, he saw Pierre, Theresa's gardener. He inquired after her with all the composure he could assume, and learned she was then walking in the garden with count Louis. Henry alighted, and ordered the coachman to wait for him, hastened to that house which he had never before entered without delight. Recollecting that the garden hedge was so low, that he could easily see over it, instead of going towards the house, he turned another way, and glided along the hedge.

Theresa and Louis were advancing towards a seat, close to the place of his concealment. They seemed earnest in conversation. She looked pale and agitated, but Louis's eyes had a wildness quite unusual. They had seated themselves, and Louis sorrowfully exclaimed, 'It must be: nothing else can restore me to myself. Oh my brain! I can no longer command the passion that harrows up my soul. Ah, lovely Theresa! once more tell me that you pity me,' continued he, throwing himself upon his knees. Theresa wept bitterly. 'Remember your promise, count, (said she) God knows I pity you.' Then presenting her hand, he covered it with kisses: she did not withdraw it; with her other hand she supported her head. A deep groan uttered by Henry, with the words, 'Oh! Theresa!' roused them both, and they fell senseless on the ground. Henry, hardly knowing what he did, hurried to his carriage; and the man drove back towards Montpellier. The perfidy of Theresa and his friend appeared too clear. He presently saw Louis ride furiously by; and he immediately resolved to follow him home.

When he arrived at the count's hotel, he flew to his apartment, and found him pacing it with a frantic air. The moment he saw Henry, he shrunk back, and

hid his face with his hands; but presently recovering, he advanced to him with a quick step: 'So! you are come at last,' said he: 'strange doings in your absence—every thing is wrong—the world is in a blaze—and I—where am I—in hell? Are you Henry St. Clair? That is not my friend's face: you are some impostor. But what am I? I am a villain!' This strange language prevented Henry from giving immediate way to his rage. 'Recollect yourself, count,' said he, 'and prepare to give me satisfaction.' 'Satisfaction! satisfaction!' said Louis, 'ay, to be sure, it is very reasonable. Here,' opening his waistcoat, 'strike, strike. Yet stop—shall not Theresa be present? She may like to dip a handkerchief in my blood. Yet she is not cruel. Oh no! she is not cruel: she gave me her lovely hand to kiss. O that I had died upon it!'

He then flung himself on a couch, and kept an obstinate silence. Henry rang for somebody to attend him, convinced that the poor count was out of his mind. He then went to the first inn he could find, and was there taken so ill, as to be insensible to every thing. He lay fourteen days delirious in a violent fever. When he recovered, however, and could recollect where he was, and what had happened, he sent a trusty person to Theresa's house, to inform her of his situation, and to entreat her to come to him. Instead of Theresa came the faithful Josephina, dreadfully affected to see her master so emaciated, and still more with the fatal news she brought him, that his Theresa, her heart almost broken by his apparent neglect, had retired to a convent, after having committed to her care three letters, written in the successive agonies of her soul. They were the effusions of injured innocence and unabated tenderness.

Henry was affected beyond expression. He swore that no power on earth should detain her in the convent. He desired Josephina, however, to explain the circumstances that induced Theresa to shew so much pity and indulgence to a man that durst avow a guilty passion for her. 'She is not to blame,' said Josephina, warmly, 'an angel's mind is not purer than my lady's.' She proceeded to relate the particulars of the count's behaviour already mentioned, and which had induced Theresa to insist upon being never left alone with him till she arrived at the circumstance which Henry had himself observed. When Theresa had recovered from the swoon, into which his sudden exclamation had thrown her, the arrival of Pierre, the gardener, who had before met and spoken to his master, explained the mystery; and he was immediately sent to Montpellier, in search of him, but without success. Henry, after this account, could no longer think Theresa had been too indulgent. He pitied his unfortunate friend, whose behaviour seemed more the effect of malady, than of the guilty indulgence of his passions.

The measures which Henry immediately took to persuade Theresa to leave the convent were ineffectual. The mental vow which she had taken to retire from the world, though not legal, she considered as too sacred to be violated: she was inexorable, Henry in vain urged the rights of a husband: his marriage could not be proved: the priest, who had solemnized it, was not to be found; the poor count was now in a state of incurable melancholy; and the faithful Josephina had expired, a few days after his conversation with her, in a fit of apoplexy. He resolved, therefore, to return to England; but, before his departure, the countess Louis had desired to speak to him. Touched with remorse, she said, she now confessed, that a mean desire of being revenged for his former neglect of her, had excited her to awaken jealousy in his breast; that the priest,

who had married Theresa, although enjoined to secrecy, had imprudently imparted it to her; that she had written the anonymous letters to Henry, to tell him that he was betrayed; and that when she met him at her hotel, she had resolved still further to foment the jealousy, that she hoped was already corroding in his heart. 'Then your account of my poor friend,' said Henry, in a fury, 'was your own diabolical invention.' 'No,' said she, bursting into tears; 'it was all true, except my feigned ignorance of Theresa. That he loved her I believe; but that he combated his passion, I am certain. Never would he have suffered a guilty passion to subdue his exalted notions of honour, had his intellects been clear. His senses, perhaps, might have been affected had he never seen Theresa; for he had a fever some time ago, which he neglected; an incessant thirst made him drink too freely, and inflamed his blood still more; to which might be added the violent exercise he took in the hottest season of the year. His dreadful condition has awakened the tenderest pity for him, and the deepest remorse for my conduct to you. I sent for you, sir, to tell you how truly wretched I am that I contributed to your misfortune; and that if the deepest repentance can atone for my crime, you will not refuse to forgive me.'

Henry's anger was mollified by her tears. Her repentance she evinced by unceasing tenderness to her unhappy husband; but neither that, nor the best medical assistance, could restore him: he died a few months after: but his last moments were perfectly calm, rejoicing, that while in possession of reason, he had not once violated the laws of friendship and virtue. Theresa lived many years in the convent, an example of the most fervent piety; but she could never banish from her breast the tenderest remembrance of her Henry. The happiness which she might have enjoyed with him, all the tender charities of life, and the virtues that in society would have spread a lustre far around, she was deprived of from an excess of delicacy that could not bear to be suspected.

## THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out;  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Long Yarn.*—One Sunday morning a *Merman* suddenly appeared to the crew of the —, dressed in gay attire, with his hair frizzed and powdered as white as a full-grown cauliflower, and demanded to know if the captain was on board. The captain soon appeared on deck. The *Merman* spoke to him as follows:—'I shall feel particularly obliged by your giving orders for your anchor to be taken up, as it lies against my street door, and prevents my family from going to church!'

*Beatru.*—When Beatru was in Spain he went to see the famous library in the Escorial, and, on conversing with the librarian, found him to be a most ignorant man. The King of Spain asked Beatru how he liked his library? 'It is very handsome, Sir, (he said) but your Majesty should make the person who has the care of it, administrator of your finances.' 'Why so?' said the prince. 'Because (replied Beatru) he does not make use of the treasure entrusted to him.'

*Blunder.*—In the reign of James I. an Act was passed to prevent the further growth of popery, which by the mistake of the printer, ran thus: 'An act to prevent the further growth of poetry.'



## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COPPER.

MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES  
IN BORNEO.

The following is an account of the marriage and funeral ceremonies peculiar to the Dayaks, a tribe of independent savages, who inhabit the country to the westward of the Banjermassin river, in Borneo.

**Marriage Ceremonies.**—The celebration of marriage is very simple, it being performed in one day. The bride and bridegroom are placed each on a gong, with their faces towards the rising sun. The parents of the parties then besprinkle them with the blood of some animal; a buffalo, pig, or even a fowl: cold water is also sprinkled over them. Being next presented with a cup of arrack, they mutually pour half into each other's cup, take a draught, and exchange cups. The married couple afterwards withdraw to the house of the bride's parents, where a feast is prepared: but no such revelling takes place as in the case of the funeral ceremonies.

**Funeral Ceremonies.**—The manner in which the funeral ceremonies are celebrated vary according as the deceased is wealthy or otherwise.

When a poor man dies, whose family or relations have not the means of incurring much expense on the occasion, the body is put into a kind of coffin, and this being placed upon four posts, at the distance of two or three feet from the ground, it is enclosed with a small railing, and defended from the weather by a covering of leaves. The coffin is generally made of the piece of a trunk of a tree called plantang, which is scooped out like a trough; and when the body is deposited, the coffin and the top to it are well cemented with dammar. The friends or neighbours, who assist in the work, are then invited to partake of whatever food, &c. the relatives can afford to provide. If the deceased was possessed of considerable property, on the occasion of the body's being put into the coffin, muskets, &c. are fired, and the coffin itself is formed with more care, and ornamented with carved work, being in the same manner placed upon posts; but these are raised within side the house, passing through the floor, which is itself raised upon posts about five or six feet from the ground. In the bottom of the coffin there is a hole, into which is introduced a hollow bamboo, the end of which is fixed into the mouth of a jar placed underneath, and as the body dissolves, it passes through the bamboo down into the jar. To prevent the effluvia escaping, not only the top and body of the coffin are well cemented with dammar, but also the mouth of the jar and the aperture into the coffin, into which the opposite ends of the bamboo are fixed.

Nothing further is done till the relations of the deceased are prepared to celebrate the future ceremonies, which do not take place till one or more persons, destined to be the slaves of the departed in the next world, are procured. If no delay occurs in getting them, or in making the necessary preparations for the feast that is to take place, it is necessary to wait till the bones only of the body are left in the coffin, but otherwise years may elapse before the ceremony and feast take place. All being ready, and the day fixed for the grand celebration, the coffin is buried, and the bones being taken out, are collected and carefully disposed in a strong wooden box, of sufficient dimensions to contain them. The destined slaves, who are either unfortunate captives, or, if such cannot be obtained, persons purchased for the pur-

pose, are then brought forward, and during the seven days and nights of feasting which take place, to which all the people are invited, the relations and friends of the deceased continue to dance round them, giving them to eat and drink, and treating them kindly. These unhappy victims are afterwards fixed in the earth up to their middle, opposite to the box containing the bones of the deceased. The children of the deceased then coolly and ceremoniously spear them, one after the other according to seniority, after which the other persons present join in putting an end to their existence. The heads of the victims are then cut off by the children of the deceased, and the skulls being stripped of the flesh, &c. are perfumed and attached to the outside of the box containing the bones of the deceased.

This box is then placed in a kind of small house or shed, built on the top of a post, about the height of a cocoa-nut tree. It is usual to erect this post at the spot where the deceased was born, however far that may be from where he died. The children or relations of the deceased consider that they owe this duty to their late parent or relative, and do not further concern themselves about the fate of the relics, but leave them to be carried away or blown down by the wind.

The expense attending a festival of this kind is very considerable, amounting often to five hundred dollars. As many as ten buffaloes and twenty hogs are sacrificed, as offerings to the deceased, and afterwards eaten by the party. A kind of toddy, extracted from rice, is drunk to great excess, and much revelling prevails, amidst the maddening din of gongs and tomtoms, which are beaten incessantly. If the bones of the deceased require to be conveyed to a distance, they are attended by a great procession and concourse of people. In all this parade and show there is a great deal of ostentation, the promoters of it being desirous of convincing the people that they are the children of rich and great persons. If a Dayak dies in a distant country, his body is buried, that his bones may be easily obtained to be conveyed to his home, for the purpose of having the funeral rites performed.

## LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

Notices from the London Journals of new English publications.

*The flood of Thessaly; The girl of Provence; and other poems.* By Barry Cornwall.

If called upon to criticise "The Flood of Thessaly," we should say that its chief defect is a paucity of human interest, which is almost uniformly the case when mythology forms the ground-work: the fiction of re-peopleing the world by throwing stones is irremediably cold. The vision of Deucalion, however the general idea may be gathered from that in which Adam beholds his posterity, being judiciously confined to an anticipation of Grecian futurity, affords scope for much learned and beautiful allusion. In a word, this is a powerful sketch, for so the author modestly entitles it, he having intended it in the first instance for a much more elaborate poem.

"The Girl of Provence," is a poem of quite another class; although so deeply imbued is the author with the Grecian inspiration and forms of beauty, they even abound in a tale, the locality of which might be presumed altogether to exclude them. The junction however will not appear very extraordinary, when it is known to be founded on an affecting incident related in Collinson's Essay on Lunacy—the fable of Pygmalion revers-

ed; or in other words, the love, or rather madness, engendered in a young girl of Provence, who fell in love with the statue of Apollo of Belvidere in the national museum of Paris. A German lady, who happened to witness the first fatal interview, thus narrates the sequel:—

"At length I met with one of the attendants, who, I recollected, had observed her with the same attentive curiosity which I had felt: and I inquired after her. 'Poor Girl!' said the old man, 'that was a sad visit for her. She came afterwards every day to look at the statue, and she would sit still, with her hands folded in her lap, staring at the image, and when her friends forced her away, it was always with tears that she left the hall. In the middle of May she brought, whenever she came, a basket of flowers, and placed it on the Mosaic steps. One morning early she contrived to get into the room before the usual hour of opening it, and we found her within the grate, sitting within the steps almost fainting, exhausted with weeping. The whole Hall was scented with the perfume of flowers, and she had elegantly thrown over the statue a large veil of India muslin, with a golden fringe. We pitied the deplorable condition of the lovely girl, and let no one into the Hall until her friends came and carried her home. She struggled and resisted exceedingly when forced away; and declared in her frenzy that the god had that night chosen her to be his priestess, and that she must serve him. We have never seen her since, but have heard that an opiate was given her, and she was taken into the country.' I made further inquiries concerning her history, and learned that she died raving."—Related by Madame de Haster, a German lady.

The poet imagines this unhappy girl to have been the highly gifted but pensive and neglected daughter of a gentleman of Provence, who, in her comparative isolation, had imbibed a secret love for the high-wrought fable of Greece, which so engrosses her spirit, that a vision ensues, which lays the foundation of her mystic attachment. The description of this dream is beautifully wild and fantastic, but too long for extract. The awakening will sufficiently describe the form of versification and narrative:—

"The morning broke, and she was Phœbus' bride:  
And evening fell.—But did the god return?  
He came not,—he came never to her side:  
But her bright dream (for 'twas a dream) did burn  
Madness upon her, and the world did spurn  
Her story for a folly:—yet she believed;  
And o'er her widow'd passion meekly grieved."

The incident at the National Museum is then very finely versified. Recognising the Apollo of her dream, after mutely pausing, she exclaims—

"Apollo! king Apollo!—art thou here—  
Art thou indeed returned?—and then her eyes  
Outwept her joy, and hope and passionate fear  
Seized on her heart, as towards the dazzling prize  
She moved, like one who sees a shrine; did then,  
And stood entranced before the marble dream,  
Which made the Greek immortal, like his theme."

The genuine catastrophe is strictly preserved:—

"She died, mad as the winds,—mad as the sea  
Which rages for the beauty of the moon—  
Mad as the poet is whose fancies flee  
Up to the stars to claim some boundless boon."

*An Essay on the History and Theory of Music, and on the qualities, capabilities, and management of the human voice.* By J. Nathan.

Many able expositions of the origin and progress of Music have been submitted to the public by men universally allowed to possess the greatest talents in the particular branch of literature which they have discussed: but a work, comprehending a general history of the science, and a dissertation on the individual accomplishment of singing, has long been a desideratum in the musical world. Mr. Nathan, the author of the work before us, has long been a successful aspirant to public notice as a composer, and his merit (as admitted even by that fearful tribunal, the members of his own profession) is too well known to require any eulogium from us. An attentive consideration of the work has confirmed us in

the favourable impression which the copious table of contents, and the modest and unassuming preface, had left upon our minds, and the judicious remarks on the effect produced by an impressive delivery of the words, appear to us highly deserving of attention. Mr. Nathan has the peculiar advantage of communicating his instructions under an agreeable form; his book, while it improves, amuses, and induces us to subscribe to the opinion of Horace, that it is often allowable "*ridetem dicere verum.*" The amusing anecdotes and historical relations with which it abounds, give an agreeable character to the work, and render it highly interesting even to those who are unacquainted with music; while the important instructions and excellent observations contained in its pages, make it doubly valuable to the youthful professional student, or the amateur.

*The life of Brigadier General Don Juan Martin, generally styled the Empecinado.*

At a moment when Spain is struggling to preserve her independence, every thing connected with the history of those men, who have figured in the eventual strife, is sought after with avidity. The present volume is devoted principally to an account of the military operations of the celebrated *Empecinado*, whose active and daring conduct during the reign of Napoleon, gave him more annoyance than almost any of the guerilla chiefs. His talents are again exerted, and we hope they will be again successful. The following description of his person is given in the volume before us:

This extraordinary man is a little above the middle stature, with a firmly knit and muscular frame, which indicates a capability of sustaining privation and fatigue: his complexion is dark, his beard strong and of a sable hue, his eyes black, animated, and sparkling. His mental powers are strong and calm in acting, and both clear and quick in perceiving. Of this superiority he has given unequivocal proofs in the high military talent he displayed; for he is active, enterprising, judicious, and by his personal example inspiring the brave with heroism and the timid with resolution—in his letters—in his celebrated address to his king—and the manner in which he has borne adversity, calumny, and prosperity. The qualities of his heart are of a corresponding stamp, for he was dutiful and affectionate to his aged parent; he is modest in his demeanour and ingenuous in his communications, considerate even in war of the convenience and feelings of those whom he called upon for assistance—he forgave his persecutors and slanderers, and returned them good for evil; he was merciful to his enemies, faithful to his country, and just to all men. He never sought reward for his conduct, though he solicited it for those who served under him with gallantry; he never vaunted of his exploits, but detailed their results with simplicity to the constituted authorities. He raised and organized an army without money and without support, when surrounded by an active enemy, and though exposed to great and various difficulties, and embarrassed by envy, jealousy, intrigue, and mutiny, he was victorious over the experienced commanders and disciplined legions of hostile France. In him the great and varied qualities are combined which constitute a true patriot and hero. His deeds and his name will be handed down to the latest ages, and call for the veneration and imitation, not only of his countrymen but of mankind.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts will attend. BOOKS.

Covent Garden Theatre.—A new piece, from the pen of the author of the "Irish Tutor," was brought forward at this



Theatre, on the evening of the 29th May. It is entitled *Cent. per Cent.*, or the *Masquerade*, and derives its appellation from the hero of the tale, an old usurious money-lender, who obtains all the value he can for his money, and who is coupled with a dashing helpmate, who squanders the old gentleman's cash as fast as he makes it. The plot, "if plot it can be called, which plot hath none," turns upon one single event, of very ordinary occurrence, namely, the attempt of a prodigal young sprig of quality at the west end to carry off the daughter of his wealthy old acquaintance at the east. The opportunity selected for the capture is on the occasion of a masquerade given by my lady, without the cognizance of her liege lord; and in order the more successively to delude the old gentleman, a medical friend of the family, one Dr. O'Rafferty (admirably represented by Connor) prepares a somniferous dose for his hospitable guest, which our friend in "Change Alley" very wisely does not take. However, his imagination is worked upon to such an extent, that he is made to believe he is really very ill, and accordingly is put to bed, but being troubled with the nightmare, rises from his couch, and by a most unlucky chance wanders amongst the masked night-brawlers, and is actually mistaken for "Somno" in disguise. But not trusting to this security, he assumes the garb of his trusty servant, Dibbs, and by this means overhears the plan for carrying off his daughter. Dibbs swears that his master is dying. All his friends exclaim that this is no reason why their sport should be interrupted. Captain Dashmore alone, the daughter's lover, happening to be in the secret, professes the utmost sympathy for the illness of old penny-farthing, and thus works his ready way to the old gentleman's affections, and obtains the hand of his fair, at least his wealthy, daughter.

Great ingenuity say the London critics, was required to impart interest to materials so common-place; and, notwithstanding considerable opposition, the piece excited a good deal of amusement. The dialogue is sprightly enough, though neither remarkable for elegance or novelty, and the situations exceedingly comical. A production of this kind cannot be tried by very severe rules of criticism; but if laughter and merriment be tests of merit, *Cent. per Cent.* is highly meritorious. The various parts were sustained with great ability. Nothing could be better than Farren's representation of the Old Usurer. The piece was announced for repetition amidst a mixed expression of applause and disapprobation. The former, however, was completely predominant.

**Dramatic Intelligence.**—Among the performers already engaged by the manager of the Haymarket theatre for the next season, are Messrs. Harley, Terry, Liston, Vining; Miss Chester, Miss Paton, Miss Love, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Davenport.

#### AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

**CIRCUS, BROADWAY**, every evening, performance to commence at eight o'clock. Boxes 50 cents, Pit 25 cents, children under 10 years of age admitted to the boxes with families at 25 cents.

**PAVILION THEATRE, CHATHAM GARDEN**, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 25 cents.

**AMPHITHEATRE, RICHMOND HILL GARDEN**, performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 25 cents, to the boxes 12½ cents extra.

**WASHINGTON THEATRE, COLUMBIAN GARDEN**, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 25 cents.

**AMERICAN MUSEUM, Park**; admission 25 cents.

**PAFF'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, Broadway**; admission 25 cents.  
**MECHANICAL PANORAMA, Broadway**; admission 25 cents.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### MEMOIR OF EURIPIDES.

Euripides was born at Salamina, in the second year of the seventy-fifth Olympiad. Athens was then in its meridian glory; the victories of Salamin and Plata, which were gained this year, had intoxicated a people naturally vain. Euripides, by the persuasion of his father Mnesarchus, applied himself to philosophy. His master was the celebrated Anaxagoras, who some time after having affirmed that the sun was only a ball of fire, could with difficulty save himself from death. The interest of Pericles, (who supplicated his pardon with tears) at length prevailed, and his punishment was mitigated to banishment. This treatment intimidated Euripides so much, that he left the philosophic school for the more inviting profession of poetry; for which he had before discovered some inclination; and he succeeded so well, that he became the antagonists of Eschylus and Sophocles. With the latter of these he quarrelled in his youth, but was afterwards reconciled, and became his intimate friend. Their correspondence is preserved in five letters attributed to Euripides, but it is doubtful whether they are not spurious.

When his fame increased, he was invited by Archelaus, king of Macedonia, to his court, and received with extraordinary favour. Some of his sayings, whilst with this prince, are recorded. Being rallied by him one day, for not bringing a present on his birth-day, as all the other courtiers were accustomed, he said, "to give to you, would be to ask from you." Another time, being desired by Archelaus to celebrate him in one of his tragedies, "Heaven grant, (said he) that nothing ever happens to you that may be a subject for tragedy." A vulgar fellow, reproaching him for having an offensive breath, he replied, "it proceeds from having many secrets buried in my breast." After having resided three years in Macedon, being one day alone, in a retired place, he was attacked by a number of dogs, who tore him so dreadfully, that he expired a little time after, at seventy-five years of age. The Athenians sent to require his body, but the Macedonians constantly refused it, and buried him near Arethusa, in a magnificent tomb, on which they say, the thunder alighted, as it had done on that of Lycurgus. The Athenians erected a monument to him, engraved with his name. He wrote seventy-five tragedies, of which eighteen are remaining.

"Euripides," says Aristotle, "although not very exact nor chaste in the subject of his plays, has yet more of the tragic passion than any other poet." Such is the character of this poet summed up in a few words; there is in the negligence of Euripides a kind of grace which is excluded from the regular performances of Sophocles; without examining too closely, we shall find certain errors in the former, which the latter carefully avoided; but we cannot but pardon them, in consideration of those two tragic passions, Pity and Terror, with which the mind is agitated throughout all his pieces: that he attained to such a height of excellence in what is the true end of tragedy, was owing to his having studied nature more than art; and that in his compositions he rather followed the emotions of his heart, than the suggestions of his wit.

Euripides wrote according to the situation in which he found his own mind. Now he was naturally melancholy, philosophic, and an enemy to joy: his disposition less lively than tender, great sensi-

bility of heart, and his character, which is a little fretful and prone to lamentation, appears even in his writings. He had not, indeed, any great subjects for joy; and it is pretended that he found some for uneasiness in two women whom he married successively. Some also say, that during a journey, he lost a wife whom he tenderly loved, two sons, and a daughter; their deaths were occasioned by eating some bad champignons; and that he composed an epigram on this subject to the following effect: "Oh Sun, who traversest the immense space of the heavens, never didst thou behold calamity like mine! What! a mother, two sons, and a daughter, torn from me in one day!" In this style, so simple, so pathetic, so tender and plaintive, it is easy to know Euripides: he always paints himself, and thus writing from real emotion, his touches of nature are all exquisitely beautiful.

Euripides bore the character of being very disinterested; although, his enemies accused him of having quitted Athens from the temptation of the favour and presents of Archelaus. This prince indeed, loaded him with them. A courtier, who was desirous of having a golden vessel, asked him for it in pretty evident terms; "let it be carried," says Archelaus to Euripides: "you deserve to ask, and he deserves to have it, without asking."

### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.  
CAMPBELL.

#### Condensation of the Gases into Liquids.

In No. 6. Vol. II. of the *MINERVA*, we published a letter from Dr. Price of Philadelphia, now in England, announcing the condensation of the Gases by Mr. Faraday of the Royal Institution London, and we have since received the following detailed account of the nature of this important and ingenious discovery:

In a late sitting of the Royal Society, a paper was communicated by Mr. Faraday, chemical assistant at the Royal Institution, on the reduction of the gaseous bodies into fluids. It is well known that Sir H. Davy had previously reduced muriatic acid gas to a liquid form; but Mr. F. has extended his experiments to nearly the whole of the aeriform bodies, and in some instances, with such decisive success, as to warrant the inference that every gaseous substance is capable of being condensed into a fluid, by being submitted to a high degree of pressure.

The basis of these experiments of Mr. F. is the converse application of the same principle assumed by Mr. Perkins, in the construction of his steam-engine. In our former notice of that beautiful invention, we stated that Mr. P. raises the temperature of water to almost 500° Fahr. by submitting it to very great mechanical pressure, which prevents its expansion into vapour, or steam, beyond the small quantity immediately requisite for giving power to each succeeding stroke of the piston-rod. Mr. F. on the contrary, beautifully illustrates the same theory by means of chemical and mechanical agency. He generates the compound gases in glass tubes, closed at both ends, which has the effect of powerfully compressing their volume, until they become condensed into a liquid form.

A bent glass tube, containing mercury and sulphuric acid, at one end, was hermetically sealed at the other. On applying heat, sulphurous acid gas was produced, and, wanting space to maintain its gaseous form, it became condensed at the opposite end of the tube into a liquid; this effect being accelerated by the application of moistened paper in order to lower the temperature.

A similar result was obtained by injecting dry sulphurous acid gas, with a

condensing syringe, into an exhausted tube, until its pressure was equal to 4 atmospheres, or 56 pounds to the square inch. The end of the glass tube being broken off, the liquid immediately expanded into the gaseous form, thereby proving the condensation was occasioned by pressure only.

Mr. F. also produced liquid sulphureted hydrogen, by introducing a piece of platinum foil between some sulphuret of iron and muriatic acid, and then sealing the end of the tube, and allowing the acid to act on the sulphuret. In a few hours a new combination had taken place between the acid and sulphuret of iron, and sulphurated hydrogen was produced; the gaseous particles of which having been subject, in the estimation of Mr. F. to a pressure equal to 13 atmospheres, it became condensed into a liquid state. On breaking the glass tube with its contents under water, part of the new liquid incorporated with the water, to which it communicated its peculiar odour; and another part escaped through the water, and was collected in the form of pure sulphureted hydrogen gas. This new liquid appeared to be even more limpid than sulphuric ether.

Liquid carbonic acid was also produced in a similar way, by carbonate of ammonia and sulphuric acid. But the chemical agency of this mixture is so powerful, and the evolution of carbonic acid gas so rapid, as to render it indispensable to provide glass tubes of considerable thickness, in order to prevent the hazard of explosion; the internal pressure of the vapour, in such a state of condensation as to begin assuming the liquid form, being at least equal to 40 atmospheres!

Mr. F. also produced liquid nitrous oxide, by heating nitrate of ammonia (which had been previously deprived of its moisture as far as possible) in closed tubes. The result was liquid oxide and water; though the two fluids were by no means in an intimate state of mixture. This fluid was produced under a pressure equal to 48 atmospheres.

Ammoniacal gas was also reduced to a fluid state, by heating some chloride of silver, which had absorbed a large quantity of this gas. In this experiment, a decomposition and recomposition succeeded each other. As the tube cooled, the chloride of silver, began to re-absorb the liquid ammonia, by the solidification of which, heat was partially evolved; while at the opposite end of the tube, at a few inches distance, cold was produced by the evaporation of the liquid. On the tube acquiring a uniform temperature of about 60°, the whole of the ammonia was re-absorbed by the silver. The refractive power of liquid ammonia Mr. F. found to be greater than that of water, while some of these new fluids exhibited far less refraction than water. Mr. F. also reduced the muriatic, and some other gases, and found them all capable of maintaining a liquid form, even at the temperature of 0.

We consider these experiments of Mr. F. admirably calculated to exemplify the principle which governs the transmission of solid into fluid bodies, and the latter into the gaseous form, by the absorption and incorporation of caloric or heat. The converse of the theory is also equally manifested, by the disengagement of the matter of heat (which thus becomes sensible, or active, on the bulb of a thermometer) on condensing this gaseous matter to a fluid, or a fluid to a solid form.

It was not many years since some of our more eminent philosophers argued against the existence of caloric as a material substance, considering it only as an accidental or evanescent property of matter: and it must be confessed, that, so far as its power is exercised in the expansion and contraction of the metals, as well as in the limited expansion of liquids,



it might rather be called an adjective than a substantive, rather an agent, than a patient. But it is impossible, in these experiments of Mr. F. to consider caloric in any other light than as a material substance, which enters into chemical combination with other matter, and becomes fixed as a constituent part of the new compound, even when reduced to a temperature below zero. Thus for example, on enclosing mercury and sulphuric acid in a glass tube, and applying heat, the acid is in part decomposed by the mercury seizing on a portion of its oxygen, whilst the caloric becomes fixed, forming one of the constituents of sulphurous acid gas; which gas is (in the experiment of Mr. F.) again condensed into the liquid form, by the great pressure under which it is produced; for on removing this pressure, by breaking the tube, the liquid instantly assumes and maintains the gaseous form; thereby proving the permanent, or in other words, the chemical union of caloric with the acid base.

We consider these experiments of Mr. F., in conjunction with those of Mr. Perkins, as calculated to open a new and most extensive field for research, both in chemical and mechanical science. The latter gentleman has already achieved a great triumph in the arts, by the simultaneous application of high-pressure with high temperature, as the basis of his new steam engine. He is also pursuing his inquiries and experiments as to the effect of immense pressure in various other departments of the arts; but we do not feel ourselves warranted in offering any observations on the subject at present, as we understand Mr. P. intends to make his researches the subject of a patent-right. With regard to the discoveries of Mr. F., we are no less sanguine as to the ultimate consequences to the arts, though this gentleman's experiments have been hitherto confined to the classical laboratory of the Royal Institution.

Without, however, possessing the convenient apparatus, and using the utmost caution, we should not advise our chemical readers to undertake these experiments; the personal hazard being very great, even to so able a chemist as Mr. F., from the frequent explosions of the glass tubes, arising from such an immense internal pressure as 40 to 50 atmospheres, or from 550 to 700 pounds on the square inch! We entertain some doubt whether glass tubes, of any thickness, can, with safety, be used in these experiments, with a view to any useful or practical result; though we are well aware how desirable it is, in all cases of this nature, to be able to see the progress of an experiment. Indeed the agency of these chemical products, is of such a nature, as to be perfectly terrific, when experimenting, as it were, in the dark, unless they are controlled by the most profound science, and the utmost caution.

We therefore cannot too much admire the excessive caution adopted by Mr. Perkins, in the construction of his engine. While he is compelled to use metal instead of glass tubes (even for the register of the great internal pressure,) he has taken care to have the materials of at least quadruple the strength necessary to resist the actual pressure at which he intends to work the engine: whilst the escape of any unforeseen production of steam is provided for by the bursting of a thin tube at a given pressure (about 1000lbs.) without in the smallest degree depending on the attention or discretion of the engineer. We do more particularly dwell on this point, considering it as of infinite importance to leave nothing to chance, where danger would be so imminent; the neglect of this proper precaution having produced nearly all the accidents that have happened with steam-engines: and which negligence had very nearly produced legislative enactment, about three

years back, that must have had the effect of paralyzing all future inventions of the kind, or probably, any improvement of this very important agent in British manufactures.

#### ECONOMICAL BRIDGES.

A few years back the late Mr. R. Dodd of London, suggested the construction of iron bridges on the principle of tension; which principle has been since improved, so as to apply to bridges on a large scale, piers, &c. by Mr. Telford, Captain Brown, and others, by the tension of chain cables for the support of a superincumbent weight, instead of relying on the tenacity of iron for the chord of the arch, as a counterbalance against the lateral pressure. We thought the plan of Mr. Dodd admirably adapted for bridges on a small scale, and have frequently regretted they were not more generally adopted, on account of their economy and great durability. But the following description of a bridge (in the *Journal of Science*) which has been recently constructed by M. Seguin, near Annonay, in France, appears to us so economical and simple, that we strongly recommend it to the notice of such of our readers as have small rivers running through their property, especially where the bed of such rivers forms a deep ravine between rocks. At the place where this bridge of M. Seguin is constructed, the river over which it passes is confined by rocks which have furnished strong points of attachment for the bridge. A band of eight iron wires, each 1-22d of an inch in diameter, is attached by its extremity to an iron bolt fixed in the rock; it then crosses the river at an height of 10 feet above it, and on the opposite side passes round a horizontal pulley three inches in diameter, also made fast to a rock. The band returns parallel to its first direction, passes round one pulley to preserve the parallelism, and then on to another about 16 inches distant, from which it again proceeds over the river and passes round a second pulley on that side, and finally returns to the side from which it parts, and is made fast to a bolt in the rock. Thus it crosses the river four times. Small cross-pieces of wood are attached at intervals to these reduplications of the band, and over them are placed the planks, parallel to the wires, which form the foot-way of the bridge. Two other bands of wire are carried across the river at a convenient height on each side of the bridge, to serve as hand-rails; they are connected by descending wires to the external bands of the bridge: and, to prevent every lateral motion, the bridge is made fast at the middle to some large stones in the bed of the river. This bridge, though of a structure so light as to occasion fear on the first time of going on it, is yet so steady and strong, that no sensible bending or vibration is perceived in passing over it. It is 2 feet broad, and 55 feet long. The weight of iron wire used in its construction was about 24lb. and the expense of the whole of the materials amounted to little more than 35 francs. The expense of labour is estimated at about 15 francs, so that 50 francs, according to this account, would pay for the whole.

#### FASCINATION OF SERPENTS.

In every country where much credulity prevails on any local subject, numerous stories are detailed in support of the general opinion; and such of those tales as abound in the marvellous, and have any ingenuity in their structure, are currently propagated in gaping wonderment. Half a century ago, every village had its traditional accounts of local ghosts and apparitions; and any literary champion disposed to support their credit, might have

found in any country, ample instances in proof of his visionary beings.

This at present is strictly the case with the fascination of serpents. A very large proportion of the population has been reared in its belief, and almost every book writer can recite wonderful instances of its existence. A thousand such tales may be picked up in this country, where the charming by serpents is the current subject of marvellous recital; but certainly the climax of absurdity was never carried higher than in one case, making the eyes of a viper erect a man into an immoveable statue, and, in another, the eyes of man himself bring the rushing spring of an infuriated bull or buffalo to a stand-still. The only wonder in such relations is, that any persons can be found so imbecile in mind as to give them the slightest credence. Surprise and fear are alleged to be the cause of fixing the fascinated animal; but that is contradicted by the whole history of animated nature. Civilized man, indeed, and the animals he has domesticated, will frequently be thrown into disconcerted confusion, by the sudden rencounter of imminent danger, but the same thing never happened to any animal in a state of nature. The former, unaccustomed to the contemplation of unseen danger, are surprised into sudden confusion on its approach; but the latter, ever on the alert for self-preservation, have every mental faculty called into vigorous activity on the instant of its appearance in any shape; and the weakest and least defensible animal never appears to greater advantage than in the display of its marvellous adroitness to escape impending peril.

A hare before a couple of greyhounds, her superiors in speed, never for an instant loses her presence of mind, but to the last turn directs all her physical powers with the correct observance of place and existing peril. A winged partridge or pheasant, although struck to the ground in the moment of their imagined security, and in a way that they never could have contemplated, instantly run off in covering concealment, and lodge themselves so distantly and artfully in cover, as often to elude all the address of the sportsman and his pointers. The same steady and firm exercise of mind in the exercise of peril pervades every species of animals, and with all the feeblest classes, furnishes the only means of their security and escape. Against the silly and puerile accounts, therefore, of birds and other animals leaping down into the expanded jaws of a voracious serpent,

"All nature cries aloud through all her works."

Of all men, the serpent jugglers of India, and the viper catchers of Egypt are the most conversant with all the natural habitudes of the reptile brood. They are daily familiar with all their haunts and various modes of existence, and are infinitely the best qualified to decide on any question respecting their natural history; but so far are they from assigning any powers of fascination to the hateful race, that they actually assume it to themselves, and allege that they can sooth down into harmless quiescence the most irritable and poisonous of the tribe. Their pretended charming is all juggling trickery, but it is executed with such an artful address as baffles even conjecture as to the mode of conducting it, and we are yet strangers to the management which enables them to handle, with impunity, creatures so fatally gifted.

The investigation of natural history, in all its various branches, well merits the exercise of a powerfully philosophical mind; but in its progress, such a mind will have to encounter far more of difficulty in the eradication of established errors than in the development of new truths. There is a noble display of instructive wisdom in the varied branches of natural science, that carries conviction to all ingenious and capable intellects the instant it is correctly perceived, but su-

perstition and credulity have heaped up so many impure obstacles in the way, as to require herculean power and means to cleanse away the auguean filth.

*On suspended Animation; and the means of recovering drowned persons, &c.*

No. II.

For the sake of those whose avocations have precluded from obtaining information on this subject, we shall recapitulate some of the chief parts of the practice to be pursued and followed up with ardour; they will serve as a memorandum for the medical man, while they give to common readers, unskilled in physic, some better idea of what should be attempted by themselves, should no medical man be near, or, at least, till he arrives.

1st. The body to be undressed, after being taken to the nearest house, and wiped dry; then placed on a table, covered with a mattress, and let it be laid on the right side in preference to the left, that the passage of the blood from the heart may be favoured by this position.

2d. Expand the lungs as soon as possible; much depends on this; for this purpose let a pair of bellows be preferred to the blowing in of air from a person's mouth.

3d. Do not be anxious to place the body in a high degree of heat; though this has been advised and practised, it is wrong; a small degree is sufficient.

4th. Let no more persons be present than are absolutely necessary in the operation; let all the doors and windows be open in the apartment, that the atmospheric air may be freely admitted.

5. Apply friction only after the lungs have been expanded and allowed to collapse again for some time, as already directed; neither spirits, nor any other thing need be applied with friction, unless a little oil on the fingers.

6th. No injections seem to be necessary; avoid those of tobacco smoke, at least, as certainly hurtful.

7th. Emetics may also be dispensed with, unless where we know beforehand that the stomach was loaded with food, or other matter.

8th. Blood-letting seems unnecessary; it is at best a doubtful remedy.

9th. Electricity may prove highly beneficial in judicious hands, but hurtful in the hands of such as have not properly considered the subject of submersion.

10th. Let long and diligent application be made of the means recommended.—Do not yield the case up as irretrievably lost sooner than after four or five hours application of the above means.

11th. As the following rule is often, and almost always, transgressed, we shall again repeat it:—Let the body be taken up with as little tossing and agitation as possible; let no jolting or rolling be used, with a view of emptying it of water. There is no water present, or next to none; and the heart, which is the part chiefly loaded with blood, may be burst by this injudicious proceeding; perhaps more mischief has been done by tossing and rolling than by any other part of injudicious treatment made use of.

We have dwelt the more on this, because we find the practice comes recommended by so great an authority as the Humane Society.—*Vide Directions for the Recovery of the apparently Dead, &c.*

The application of bottles of hot water to the feet, ankles, and knees, we think of some importance; and, as soon as respiration begins, these may be used as considerable auxiliaries. When the blood begins to circulate, heat may be then gradually increased. By and by, as respiration proceeds, a warm bed should be prepared, and the patient now placed in it, but he should not be left to himself till the functions strengthen, and the heart be able more completely to continue its wonted motions. Sleep will



now come to his relief, and its restorative influence finish the happy cure.

Mr. John Hunter recommends "the conveyance of some stimulating substance into the stomach to rouse this seat of universal sympathy." What this stimulating substance should be, he has not informed his readers; the mode of conveyance is by no means of a spoon pressing down the tongue, the patient being partly elevated. Among the class of internal stimulants are hartshorn, rum, brandy, and usquebaugh, which are powerful stimulants. But here it should be remembered that the cessation of the action of parts predispose them to be affected by lesser stimuli, and thrown into inordinate action by any strong stimulus. Thus, in a frost-bitten limb, the actions have ceased, but the power remains. Heat only is wanting to call this power into action. But this must be gradually applied, or the highest inflammation will ensue, ending in mortification; so with those starved nearly to death by hunger. Thus may the salutary efforts of nature be overpowered by the officiousness of art, a circumstance we may have frequent occasion to observe with regret. Thus, if our stimulants are too potent, they prove destructive by soon exhausting the living fibre. We must recollect here, that irritability is accumulated, and therefore weak brandy and water is to be preferred as the stimulant.

Whoever wishes to see the subject of submersion prosecuted in a more complete and extensive manner, must have recourse to the books expressly written for the purpose. In the voluminous reports of the Humane Society will be found much useful and curious matter. Goodwyn, Coleman, and Kite, have each of them given us useful treatises on this branch of medical philosophy.

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

**Singular Dentition.**—A female of the name of Mary Thompson, residing at Little Smeaton, near Pontefract, England, at the advanced age of ninety-six years, has, within a few months back, cut four new teeth. The last tooth perforated the gum a short time ago.

**Jerusalem Artichokes.**—A pig fed with these roots, 2 bushels of beans, and 5 pecks of barley-meal, killed April 21st, weighed 12 stone 3 lbs.; original cost December 21st, 1822, £1 2s. Beans 6s. Barley-meal 6s. total £1 14s.—The butcher who killed it offered 6s. a stone for the whole pig (£3 13s.).—The artichokes grew upon about 3 poles of rough ground, were dug up as given to the pig, and were uninjured by the severe frost of the late winter: in the year 1820, when the thermometer was 20 degrees below freezing, Jerusalem artichokes in the ground were not in the smallest degree injured. Four other pigs bought at the same time did equally well on artichokes. The meat is very good, and does not waste in boiling.

**Nuts** (when they become dry and the kernel shrivelled) may, by pouring boiling water on them, and letting them remain in it twelve hours, be made fresh, and the kernel full and firm as when first gathered.

A curious instance of reconciliation of supposed natural antipathies in animals was lately witnessed by many persons in Shrewsbury, England. W. Jones, having taken a nest of seven rabbits, in the fields, put one of them into a box in which he kept a female ferret, then rearing three young ones. Instead of instantly devouring the helpless young rabbit, the ferret carried it to her nest, and adopted it as one of her own family. The man put another rabbit into the box, which the

ferret carried also to her nest! The other rabbits he gave to other ferrets, which instantly devoured them. During five subsequent days the two adopted strangers were suckled by this ferret with the same kindness as her three legitimate offspring; but, either in consequence of the new sustenance, or the frequent handlings, (to gratify the curiosity of strangers) the two rabbits died. Maternal affection, however, was not even then extinct in the ferret; for she repeatedly carried the dead bodies to her nest whenever they were removed, and betrayed to the last all the anxiety of a parent.

**Mimicking Blackbird.**—A blackbird, at present in the possession of Mr. Date, of the King's Head Inn, Cirencester, (Eng.) possesses the very extraordinary faculty of mimicking the crowing of a cock, and the meowing of a cat.

**Maternal Solicitude.**—A most remarkable instance of the fondness with which birds protect their young, occurred a short time ago at Wimeswold, in Leicestershire, (Eng.) A gorse covert had been intentionally set on fire, and after the conflagration was over, the nest of a thrush was observed suspended on a gorse-bough, in which were found several young ones, half scorched to death, and above her dying brood was seen the affectionate dam, completely burnt to death. The poor bird preserved, even in her burnt state, the attitude of anxious solicitude for her young.

The remains of the mummy of a ram, (supposed to be 2000 years old) which was purchased at the sale of the late Dr. Richie, of Edinburgh, and has since been uncased of its numerous serecloths, have been deposited in the rooms of the literary and philosophical society of Newcastle. The bones of the head and some of the ribs are tolerably perfect, but there is no flesh remaining.

#### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS In the Press, or preparing for Publication.

**DR. FELIX PASCALIS** of this city has in press, a work entitled "An Exposition of the Dangers of Interment in Cities; illustrated by an account of the Funeral Rites and Customs of the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and primitive Christians; by Ancient and Modern Ecclesiastical Canons, Civil Statutes, and Municipal Regulations; and by Chemical and Physical Principles. Chiefly from the works of Vicq d'Azyr of France, and Prof. Scipione Piattoli of Modena; with additions."

This work is divided into fifteen chapters, with explanatory notes and documents. Its principal object is to prove the dangers of interment in cities, by an historical account of the various modes of disposing of the dead adopted by ancient nations, whose customs evince that they were generally informed of the offensive and pernicious effect of interring them in the midst of the living. This is exemplified in five several chapters, which treat of the funeral rites of the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and primitive Christians.

The progress of the Christian religion altered the usual restrictions, laid down by the Greeks and Romans against interment in towns. The details relating to this, occupy four chapters; after which considerable space is devoted to the account of the canons, decrees of councils, and civil statutes, that were found necessary, after the fourth century, to repress the encroachments of the great, the wealthy, and the superstitious, who looked to the prayers and protection of the church, for safety in a future state.

There is next a large collection of facts and observations on the deleterious ef-

fects of animal decomposition on life, and its dangerous tendency in populous districts at certain seasons of the year.

The author informs us that his translation of the works of Vicq d'Azyr and Piattoli, though correct, is not full, and consists of selected passages. To make these bear more particularly on the subject that now agitates the public mind, he has combined them with remarks in elucidation, and has added a chapter on the topography of New-York in relation to its numerous places of interment. By a calculation, drawn from the records of the City Inspector, it appears that our present population are exposed to the influence of nearly 34,000 dead bodies, interred within a period which has not given them sufficient time wholly to decompose. A plain, chemical explanation of aerial substances favourable or inimical to life, renders this calculation interesting, as it serves to show how many deleterious combinations may affect our health from so great a deposit of decomposing materials.

The two last chapters take note of the popular objections raised against the absolute prohibition of interment in the city, and treat of plans for rendering a distant cemetery perfectly accessible, and those actually among us, innocuous for the future. To this body of instructive matter, notes and documents are added, numerically arranged in an appendix.

The work will extend to about 160 pages, 8vo. and is expected to be completed by the end of next week.

The Lyceum of Natural History in the city of New-York intend publishing occasionally a Journal of their transactions, for which there is already ample materials on hand illustrative of the boundless productions of Natural History peculiar to this country.

#### "RANDOLPH."

We have received a note from the author of "Randolph," but without any signature, expressing some little surprise about the *proof* that was published in our paper Saturday before last; and requesting us not to publish any more, whatever the person who furnished us with the other proofs may desire to the contrary, until the whole work is fairly before the public, which he says, will be in a few days.

"Randolph," says the author, "is wholly unlike *Logan* and *Seventy Six* in design, style, and thought. It is neither the incoherent raving of an Indian (a descendant of Logan) nor of an old Revolutionary Soldier, who insisted on telling his own story, as he had fought the battles of his country, *in his own way*; but it is a regular novel, with a thorough-bred catastrophe, tolerably well hung together." "I have sought," he adds, "to get up a new kind of novel; to unite in one work, the different kinds of literature, which are at this day, most popular with the reading world—the NOVEL—the DRAMA—POETRY—CRITICISM—MISCELLANY—BIOGRAPHY—and TRAVELS. RANDOLPH contains, therefore, a brief sketch and a brief criticism of almost every American writer of the day, in prose or poetry, together with a few of the English poets, and of almost every eminent man of America, drawn generally, from personal knowledge, without partiality or exaggeration. The extract published in your interesting paper is intended to pass for the letter of a young woman, an *Englishwoman*, to her familiar correspondent and lover. It is not meant for a very faithful description, but a piece of *pleasantry*, chiefly in ridicule of English and other *journalizers* in America. In any other light the sketch of Boston, for example, would appear extremely silly and preposterous.

"Yours with respect,  
THE AUTHOR."

#### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 17. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

**POPULAR TALES.**—*Elphin Irving, or the Fairies' Cup Bearer. The History of Laura.*  
**THE TRAVELLER.**—*Mode of Living in Paris Prisons in Venice.*

**LITERATURE.**—*Ringan Gilhaize, or the Covenanters.* By the author of the "Annals of the Parish," &c.

**THE DRAMA.**—*Los Huelos, "The Eggs;"* a Spanish Interlude.

**BIOGRAPHY.**—*Memoirs of Mary of Burgundy.*

**ARTS AND SCIENCES.**—*Figure of the Earth. On Epilepsy, and its cure. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.—Natural History.*

**POETRY.**—*Nootonuc and Ompeia, an Indian Ballad.* Part Second; with other pieces.

**GLANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.**

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—"The Duel," and "To the laughter loving Catherine," are placed on file for publication. We respect the grief which dictated the lines "on the death of a husband," but we are afraid of its becoming infectious.

"Duncan" is informed, that he is entirely mistaken as to the *writer* of the article to which he alludes.—We know nothing of the person he calls "Greenleaf;" and would advise him to peruse the three essays, in the MINERVA, which he has overlooked, before he decides definitely that Sir Walter Scott "has written the greatest novels and romances ever known in the civilized world." "The Rose and Snail," under consideration.

#### THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLEY.

Mr. Ralph Bulkley of this city, has invented an improvement in the manufacture of salt by evaporation, by which the present slow and tedious process will be greatly accelerated.

Mr. John Savage, an ingenious mechanic in Raleigh, N. C. has discovered a method by which he can produce a rotary motion, by a direct application of steam power, which, it is said, will be a great saving of the power now required in steam engines.

A new packet boat, called the De Witt Clinton, was launched at Utica on Thursday last.—This boat is to ply on the canal, in the daily line east of Utica.

Five years ago, the thriving town of Florence, Alabama, was the property of the Chickasaw Indians, and common with the adjacent wilderness. It now contains between one and two hundred houses, and gives employment to six or eight steam boats.

A fish was found on the 6th inst. stranded on Coasters-harbor Island, Newport, which on being taken ashore, was found to measure 19 feet 3 inches in length, and to weigh 790lbs.—Its colour and shape resembled the Horse Mackerel, except the head, which was like the salmon.

A new daily paper printed in the French language, devoted to politics, literature, and commerce, and entitled "L'Impartial," has recently been started in Philadelphia; price \$8 per annum.

A shark of about 500lbs. weight, near 9 feet long, and of the most voracious species, was caught on Thursday in Wind-mill Cove, five miles below Philadelphia.

M. Aime, a singer of great fame, from Paris, and last from New-Orleans, has arrived at Charleston on his way to the North.

#### MARRIED,

Mr. John Robin to Mrs. Fardon.  
Mr. Mahlon Halsey to Miss Mary Ann Carman.

Mr. James Montgomery to Miss Eliza Virginia Smoot.

Mr. Walter F. Lawrence to Miss Malvina B. Daniel.

Mr. Ledgeyard H. Halsey to Miss Mary Sherwood.

#### DIED,

Mr. Walters Furman, aged 60 years.  
Mr. John Kneringer, aged 84 years.  
Mr. Thomas P. Cooper, aged 44 years.  
Mr. William F. Rhodes, aged 15 years.  
Miss Louisa Matilda Lovett, aged 25 years.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

NOOTONUC AND OMOPIA,  
An Indian Ballad.

## PART FIRST.

There is a lone and quiet lake,  
Near Bantum's peaceful stream,  
Upon whose waters brightly bask  
The sun's first morning beam.

Gay is the green upon its hills,  
And gay its sparkling waves,  
And gaily, in their glassy tide,  
The moon her image laves.

Alone, amid its green it lies,  
Its waves as brightly blue  
As woman's eye, in mildest hours—  
Like that, as quiet too.

Once were its hills, a forest huge,  
Its swamps, a tangled scene,  
But cultivation's hand has lower'd  
Its oak-clad hills so green.

Where once the chesnut sought the breeze,  
Where solemn wav'd the pine,  
The tall corn smiles in brighter green,  
The russet haycocks shine.

How chang'd its peaceful wave from once,  
Where not a hand had dar'd  
To clear the tangled forest glades,  
And not a field was bar'd.

Sometimes, its mirror would reflect  
The red-man's bark canoe;  
Sometimes, amid its tangled shades,  
The deer look'd wildly through.

'Twas long before that fated hour,  
When first the white man came,  
Nootonuc, on its oak-clad hills,  
Pursued his wonted game.

No arm, like his, the tomhawk sent;  
Like his, none bent the bow;  
And none so swift across the lake  
Could dart the light canoe.

His form, 'twas like his native pines,  
Erect in manly grace,  
And in his hardy mind there beam'd  
The courage of his race.

The morn had deck'd the eastern sky,  
When on the Bantum lake,  
Nootonuc's birch canoe was seen,  
The glass-like wave to break.

He pass'd the low and swampy mouth  
Of Bantum's sluggish tide,  
And near the pine-clad eastern shore,  
His bark was seen to glide.

Why did he slack his swift career  
Upon the eastern shore?  
Was it to see the sun's bright rays  
The blue wave silvering o'er?

'Twas not to view the sun's bright rays,  
Silver the curling wave,  
Far other thoughts then swell'd his heart,  
And fir'd his courage brave.

And yet the scene might well have stopt  
Nootonuc's rapid course;  
Might well have fill'd a nobler mind  
With beauty's gladdening force.

The rising sun just fring'd the clouds,  
Just ting'd the eastern pines,  
While on the pebbly shore beneath  
The darkness still reclines.

The tall dark pines in lengthen'd shade,  
Repos'd upon the lake,  
While, oft, between their gloomy tops,  
The rising light would break.

In broad expanse to westward lay  
The still, dark bosom'd tide,  
While many a point in splendour drest,  
Rose gay on every side.

The wave beneath its bright'ning banks,  
Repos'd so silently,  
'Twas like the sleep that infants feel,  
When friends are smiling by.

No ripple broke the mirror there,  
No mark the tide defac'd,  
Save the long track the swift canoe  
Upon the surface trac'd.

Nootonuc gaz'd a moment there,  
Then to the beach he turn'd,  
And long before the boat had stop'd,  
The lagging wave he spurn'd.

For on the shore, a form there stood,  
Than morning light more dear;  
Beneath whose feat the wavelets slept,  
A mirror bright and clear.

"Oh land not here!" Ompoia said,  
"My love, oh land not here!  
My father stern will see thy bark—  
E'en now his voice I hear.

His eye is like the eagle's ken;  
His arrow like his flight;  
And he has sworn to take thy life—  
Oh haste with morning's light!"

"I will not fly the face of man,  
Unless I fly with thee;  
Oh haste, Ompoia, to my boat,  
And cross the lake with me!

"See'st thou that mountain top so blue,  
Athwart the western sky?  
Beyond that hill I'll bear thee, love,  
Where all my warriors lie."

"I cannot fly," Ompoia said,  
"I will not with thee roam,  
Until the deadly feud is hush'd,  
I cannot leave my home."

"Your father's haughty threats are vain—  
Him and his tribe I dare;  
For they will ne'er Nootonuc quail,  
Nor drive him to despair.

"Upon the Shippang's turbid stream  
A hundred warriors lie,  
And ready to my signal, they  
Would to my succour fly.

"I do not fear his eagle eye,  
Nor arrow's swiftest course;  
My heart can bear that eye's proud glance,  
My breast that arrow's force.

"But, see, the broad lake glows in light,  
For me my warriors stay;  
Say, will you meet at evening's hour?  
I've many words to say."

Ompoia said, "Thou know'st, my love,  
On the south-western shore  
An island lies in gentle slope,  
With plane trees cover'd o'er.

"'Tis there, when, mid the evening shade  
The moon rolls bright above,  
I'll meet thee on the eastern beach,  
Till then, farewell my love."

She said, a single bound's enough,  
Nootonuc's boat to gain,  
One stroke of his strong oar suffic'd,  
To drive him from the main.

One stroke he gave, when from the wood,  
An arrow cut the sky,  
Though spent its strength, it struck beneath  
The warrior's sable eye.

Nootonuc's red brow flush'd with rage,  
"Yao, 'twas thine," he cried;  
"For this, ere night, my spear shall drink  
Thy life blood's warmest tide.

"Not e'en Ompoia's lovely form,  
Shall save thee from my ire,  
Though she should closely round thee cling,  
I'd drag thee to the fire."

The lake now foam'd beneath his oar,  
A track of living light;  
'Twas like the life a hero leads,  
As transient as 'twas bright.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

From the Spanish.

The rose looks out in the valley,  
And thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river side  
Culling the lemons pale;  
Thither—yes! thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath cull'd,  
'Tis for her lover all:

Thither—yes! thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,  
She has placed the lemons pale.  
Thither—yes! thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

## SONG FROM THE FRENCH.

Tout baise dans la nature  
Que n'en faisons nous autant!  
Baisons nous donc sans mesure  
Et nos cœurs seront contents.

The clouds that rest on the mountain's breast  
Are kiss'd by the viewless air;  
And the western breeze kisses the trees,  
And woos the flow'rets fair;  
And the weeping willows are kiss'd by the billows,  
And the day-star kisses the sea;  
Then why not, dearest, loveliest, fairest,  
Give a kiss to me?

And the bright moon-beam kisses the stream,  
The hill and the peaceful vale;  
And the shady bower at evening's hour  
Is woo'd by the nightingale;  
And the lily and rose, and each flower that grows,  
Are kiss'd by the forest bee;  
Then why not, dearest, loveliest, fairest,  
Give a kiss to me?

## A TALE OF WOE.

Where yon rock o'erhangs the billow,  
Bending o'er its craggy brow,  
Sad Fernando, crown'd with willow,  
View'd the black abyss below.

"Cease (he cried) thou stormy ocean,  
Hush thy roaring waves to rest;  
Cease thy wild tempestuous motion,  
Emblem of my troubled breast!

"Once my heart beat high with pleasure—  
Once the joys of life were mine;  
Plundered of my dearest treasure,  
Now my bosom throbs like thine.

"Yes! to regions immaterial,  
Far from Love's fond pangs I fly;  
Thus I rush to realms aerial—  
All below is—all my eye!"

Thus on the beetling cliff Fernando spoke his  
woes, [nose.]  
Then drew his handkerchief, and slowly blew his

## TO THE SKY-LARK.

From Barry Cornwall's *Flood of Thessaly*.

O earliest singer! O care-charming bird.  
Married to Morning by a sweeter hymn  
Than priest e'er chanted from his cloister dim  
At midnight,—or veiled virgin's holier word  
At sunrise or the paler evening heard,—  
To which of all Heaven's young and lovely hours,  
Who breathe soft light in hyacinthine bowers,  
Beautiful Spirit, is thy suit preferred?  
—Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth,  
Still dost thou woo, although thy suit be won;  
And thus thy mistress bright is pleased ever.  
Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth—  
So may'st thou yet live on, from sun to sun,  
Thy joy uncheck'd, thy sweet song silent never.

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to Puzzle in our last.

Because they are in attentive.

## NEW ENIGMA.

I've swam in the water and flown through the air,  
I've a body transparent and round—  
And sometimes I tell you the thoughts of the fair,  
Though I never yet utter'd a sound.

The humble in station, by my friendly aid,  
Have great riches and honour acquir'd;  
While some to the prison's dark cells I've betray'd,  
Who at length on the gallows expir'd.

I stand by the judge, when declaring the laws,  
His words pierce the poor criminal's heart;  
And, in fact, our courts ne'er decided a cause  
In which I have not taken a part.

In the senate where eloquence brilliantly flows,  
I have always secured a seat;  
And in old attics where poets repose,  
With me you may constantly meet.

In forming of riddles I'm frequently used,  
And perhaps it will not be amiss,  
In order that you may be better amused,  
To declare that I helped to make this.

## CHRONOLOGY.

## The Christian Era.

- 1301 Philip the Fair made the parliament of Paris, stationary, and gave it his own palace.  
1303 Pope Boniface made prisoner, was ill-treated and died.  
— Philip the Fair appealed to a future council.  
— King Edward's fourth expedition into Scotland.  
1304 The nobility of Scotland again subdued.  
— Pope Benedict XI. revoked the Bulls issued against France by his predecessor.  
1305 Sir William Wallace, the Hero and guardian of Scotland, tried, and executed at London.  
— Clement V. chosen pope at Lyons, fixed his residence at Avignon.  
1306 The Scots proclaimed Robert Bruce the King.  
— King Edward defeated the Scots, and took prisoners the brothers of Robert Bruce, whom he executed as traitors.  
1307 Robert Bruce defeated the English. King Edward died in the 35th year of his reign, and was succeeded by his son Edward II.  
1308 King Edward II. married to Isabella, daughter of Philip, King of France.  
— Albert the Emperor being murdered, Henry of Luxembourg, or the VIIth. was chosen to succeed him.  
The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, took possession of the isle of Rhodes.  
1311 General Council of Vienna in Dauphiné. The orders of the Templars abolished.  
1312 Piers Gaveston taken and beheaded by the English nobility; after which they were reconciled to the King.  
— Emperor Henry VII. crowned at Rome.  
1313 Death of Henry VII. the Emperor, followed by an interregnum.  
1314 Great victory gained by the Scots at Bannockburn.  
— The German Electors disagreeing, two Emperors were chosen, viz. Louis of Bavaria, and Frederic of Austria.  
— Death of Philip the Fair, King of France. His son Louis X. succeeded.  
1316 Council at Lyons for the election of a pope, the see having been vacant two years. The Cardinals not agreeing, referred the election to James of Ossa, who chose himself, and resided at Avignon under the name of John XXII.  
— Philip V. or the Long, succeeded as King of France.  
1318 The Scots passing into Ireland, made Edward, brother of Robert Bruce, king there.  
1320 The English nobility forced the King to banish his favourites, the Spencers, father and son.  
1321 War between the King and Lords. Edward recalled the Spencers.  
— Death of Philip the Long, King of France. Charles IV. his brother succeeded.  
— Louis of Bavaria gained a great victory over his competitor Frederic, whom he took prisoner.  
— An eruption from Mount Etna destroyed all the country around.  
1324 The Queen of England dissatisfied with the King and his favourites, retired to France with her son Edward.  
1325 The Queen and her adherents declared enemies to the State.  
1326 The Queen of England landed with an army, took and hanged the elder Spencer, and afterwards his son. King Edward was taken and deposed, and afterwards murdered.  
1327 Edward III. succeeded at the age of 15 years, but the Queen and Mortimer governed.  
1328 Louis of Bavaria crowned Emperor at Rome by Cardinal Colonna; he caused to be chosen as pope, Peter, of Corbiera, who was soon after expelled as an anti-pope.  
— Death of Charles VI. King of France, without male issue. Philip Valois, sixth of the name next in kindred to the late King, succeeded.  
— King Edward laid claim to the crown of France, as heir to his mother Isabella, sister to Charles IV.  
1329 Death of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, who was succeeded by his son David.  
1330 Mortimer the favourite of the Queen-mother, executed by King Edward, as a traitor.  
1334 Edward Balliol defeated in Scotland by the party of King David.  
1336 King Edward began to enforce his title to the French crown by arms.  
1337 The locusts made considerable havoc in Europe for three years.

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